

Billy's and Molly Parting

DON'T think, my dearest Molly,
That I can pretend to stay,
For I am young, and brisk, and Jolly,
And I shall be forc'd away :
To the seas I am no stranger,
But I will face our darling foe,
I never did fear any danger,
But will give them blow for blow.

O my dearest Billy,
Don't talk of going to sea,
For many there do die with love,
And numbers cast away :
If it should chance to be your lot,
Then quite undone am I,
For your dear sake my heart will break
And I with grief shall die.

Was it not for us, my dearest Jewel,
What would become of this land,
Our foes they would prove cruel,
And soon get the upper hand ;
They soon would us devour,
When once a Victory is gain'd ;
But we'll keep it out of their power,
We'll fight them sword in hand.

O my dearest Billy,
Let me go with you, I pray,
No storm nor danger will I fear,
While in your company :
For in the midst of battle
I'll do the best I can,
For to fight the darling foe,
Like you with sword in hand.

O my dearest Molly,
You cannot pretend to go,
For on the sea are dangers,
Will frighten you, I know :
For in the midst of battle
You cannot run away,
For it will soon affright you,
To see them kill and slay.

But she found he must leave her,
She wept most bitterly ;
Saying, I'll be thine for ever,
'Till Billy returns from the sea.
So they kiss'd and they parted,
For he could no longer stay :
He left her quite broken hearted,
And next morning sail'd away.